

Fire Away by kinghairington

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Summary:

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Author's Note:

Warnings: catty teenagers, jealousy, mentions of violence, high school, and some fluff for good measure

You weren't a violent person, but there was something about Carol that grated on your nerves and made you want to punch her in her perfect, small nose. Maybe it was the smirk that was always present on her mouth or the way she "accidentally" bumped into you every morning in the hallway like she was making it known that *she* was going to be the Queen of Hawkins High, but you were pretty sure it was the way she watched anytime you and Steve were talking in the hallways. Her eyes were calculating. Carol knew that one step closer to Steve and you would be more popular than her. No one would care about the love story between her and Tommy.

It wasn't even like you wanted to be popular; in fact, you would rather people not even know your name. You just happened to have a blossoming relationship with King Steve. But Carol wasn't stupid, and you were certain that she would do anything in her power to keep you and Steve away from each other.

Unbeknownst to Carol, you and Steve had a date set up for that night which you were equal parts nervous and ecstatic about. Other than hanging out a couple of times after school, the two of you had yet to go on an official date, but he finally asked earlier in the week and every time you talked, he asked if you were excited. His smile constantly had your heart racing.

After leaving him in the hallway after that exact kind of interaction, you went into the bathroom to fix your makeup before your first class. It probably would have been a better idea to check it before talking to Steve, but he had practically run you down "just to see you for a couple of minutes." You were constantly amazed by how sweet he was. When you told your best friend about him, she found it completely unbelievable. His personality was the exact opposite of his reputation and that just made you like him more.

The bathroom was empty and you had about 3 minutes before the bell was set to ring, so you quickly checked your mascara and eyeliner. Thankfully it was perfect. Your cheeks, however, were a pale pink that you were sure had been a bright pink while talking to Steve. You rolled your eyes at yourself. It was almost annoying how much he affected you before your first date or even your first kiss.

Oh god, if he kissed you tonight!

You giggled to yourself before taking a deep breath and stepping into one of the stalls.

You hung your bag up on the door and paused when you heard the unmistakable voices of Carol, Nicole, and Amy coming into the bathroom.

“Did you see what she was wearing today?” Carol asked. You could almost hear the eye roll in her voice. “I swear she’s just trying to get Steve to sleep with her.”

“Then she can tell everyone all about it and be the talk of the school.” Amy.

Out of the three, Amy had been the nicest to you, so hearing her talk about you that way made you deflate a bit. That wasn’t your plan at all. Your plan was simply to hang out with a guy you really liked.

You held your breath as you waited for Nicole’s addition to the conversation. If anyone could match Carol’s cattiness, it would be Nicole. She didn’t seem to have the same anonymity toward you, but you heard the way she had talked about other people. The two were the biggest gossips in the school.

“You know,” Nicole started, and you looked through the crack in the door to watch as she applied her lip gloss. “It’s too bad. I think Steve likes her for real.”

“Please, he just wants to get in her pants. He’s a teenage boy. He’s hornier than Tommy.”

Amy and Nicole laughed at Carol’s comment and you sighed softly, resting your head against your bag. If they knew you were in the

there, they didn't make it known, but the late bell rang and you needed to get to class. You'd be lying if you said they didn't intimidate you, especially when they were talking about you like that, but at that moment it didn't matter. It was time to let them know that you knew what they thought about you. It was time to stick up for yourself.

Unlocking and pushing the door open, you grabbed your bag and swung it over your shoulder as you stepped out of the stall.

Carol's eyes flicked up and met yours in the mirror. For a moment, she almost looked surprised to see you, but then her ever-present smirk formed on her mouth. Nicole and Amy, meanwhile, looked on with their eyes a little wider than usual. It was obvious that they were embarrassed to have been heard. But you didn't care about their feelings.

No, you weren't going to give them an ounce of your sympathy for being Carol's cronies.

You squared your shoulders and moved up to the free sink, washing your hands in silence. There wasn't anything you wanted to say to them. Just knowing that they knew you heard everything they had to say about you was enough in that moment, but when they turned to leave, Carol bumped your shoulder and you lost it. You turned quickly, your arm hitting hers roughly.

"What is your problem, Carol?" You asked, eyes meeting hers in a fierce stare, dropping your bag onto the floor with a loud bang. Nicole jumped and grabbed Amy's arm before pulling her toward the door. It must have been obvious to them that you and Carol were close to a full-blown confrontation.

"Carol," Amy said quickly. "We need to get to class."

"Um, yeah. Come on."

Nicole tried to get between the two of you to get Carol to come with them, but Carol roughly shrugged her hand off.

"Listen," Carol said. "I don't know what you're planning with Steve,

but you might as well stop before you embarrass yourself. He's not that into you."

You took a deep breath through your nose, eyes moving to Nicole before speaking.

"That's funny because Nicole seems to think he actually likes me. I think he likes me a lot, too. He wouldn't have asked me out on a date if he was just messing with me."

As the words came out of your mouth, Carol's expression turned angrier. You didn't know if it was because she didn't know about the date or she didn't like being shown up, but either way, you were glad that you were getting to her. You didn't want to fight her, but, god, you could slap her right then. It was almost difficult to hold yourself back when she opened her mouth.

"He could hook up with any-

"Nothing you say is going to make me stop seeing him." You bent down and picked up your bag.

Walking past Carol, this time being careful not to touch her at all, and around the other two to the door, you put your hand on the handle before turning to them.

"He's so much nicer than all of you. I don't know why he hangs out with any of you."

Without another word, you opened the door to be met with Tommy and Steve leaning against the lockers across from the girl's bathroom. Tommy's eyebrows rose while Steve's easy smile turned into a confused expression.

"Hey," he said, pushing off of the lockers and making his way to you.

"Hi." The tension in your shoulders eased. Yeah, you had seen him all of 6 minutes before, but seeing him now was relaxing.

Carol, Amy, and Nicole exited the bathroom after you and you heard Tommy snicker as the girls kept walking.

“Cat fight?” He asked in your and Steve’s direction before walking off after the girls. This resulted in Steve looking at you in concern.

“What happened?” He asked, a hand going to your arm.

“It doesn’t matter,” you breathed out, shaking your head and smiling at him. “I don’t care what they have to say because I can’t wait for our date.”

Steve’s smile grew and you couldn’t help it, you leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. His friends were jerks and you hated that he even talked to them, but you liked *him*. You were sure they wouldn’t be friends much longer if Steve was serious about you.

“I’ll talk to them.”

“No, don’t worry about it. They’ll get over it or they won’t, but I don’t want them to get between us.”

Us. The word had both of you grinning at each other in the middle of the hallway, both late for class and likely to end up in after-school detention if you were any later, but at least you would be together. Plus, you had that date to look forward to.